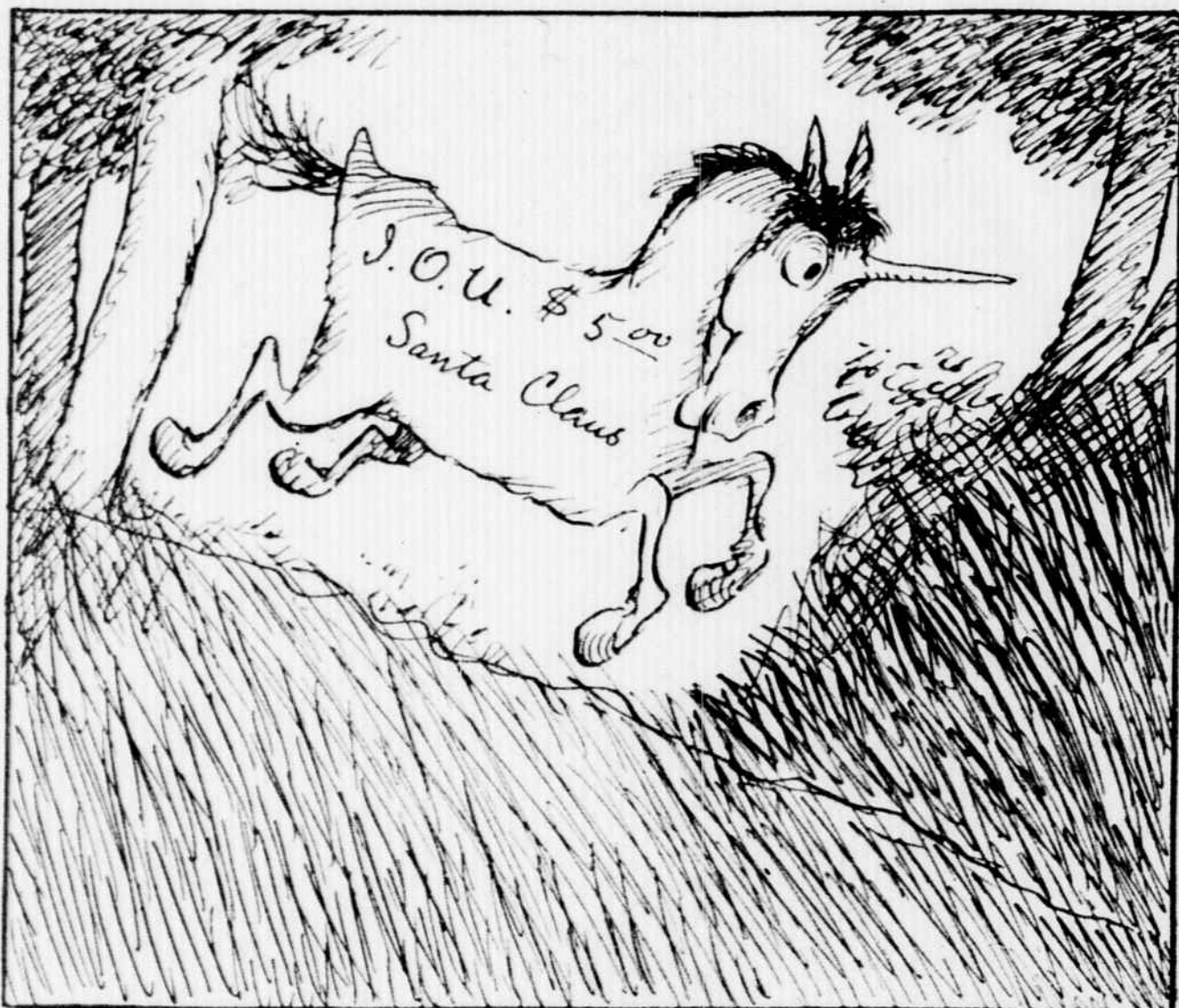


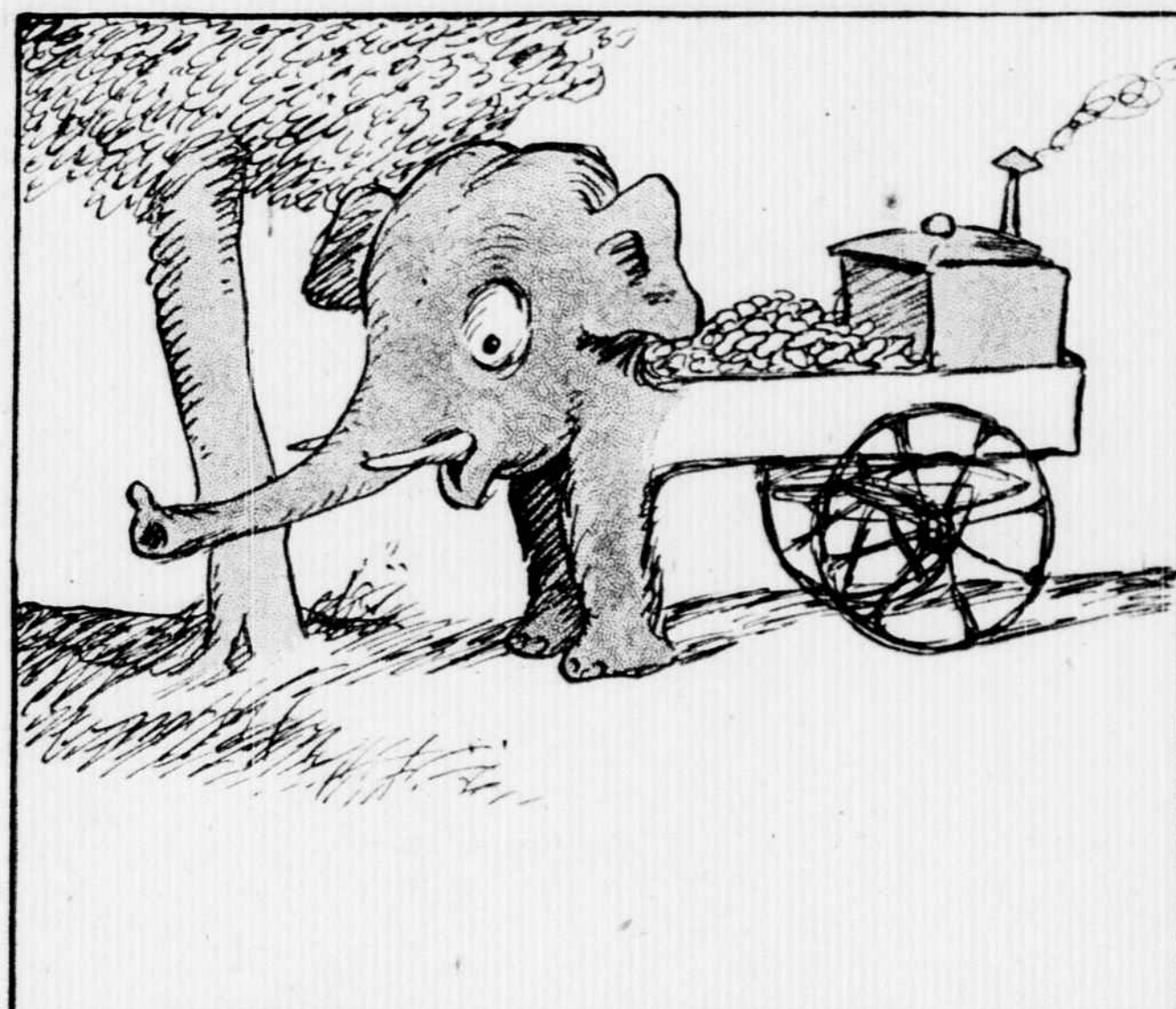
THE TERRORS OF THE TINY TADS



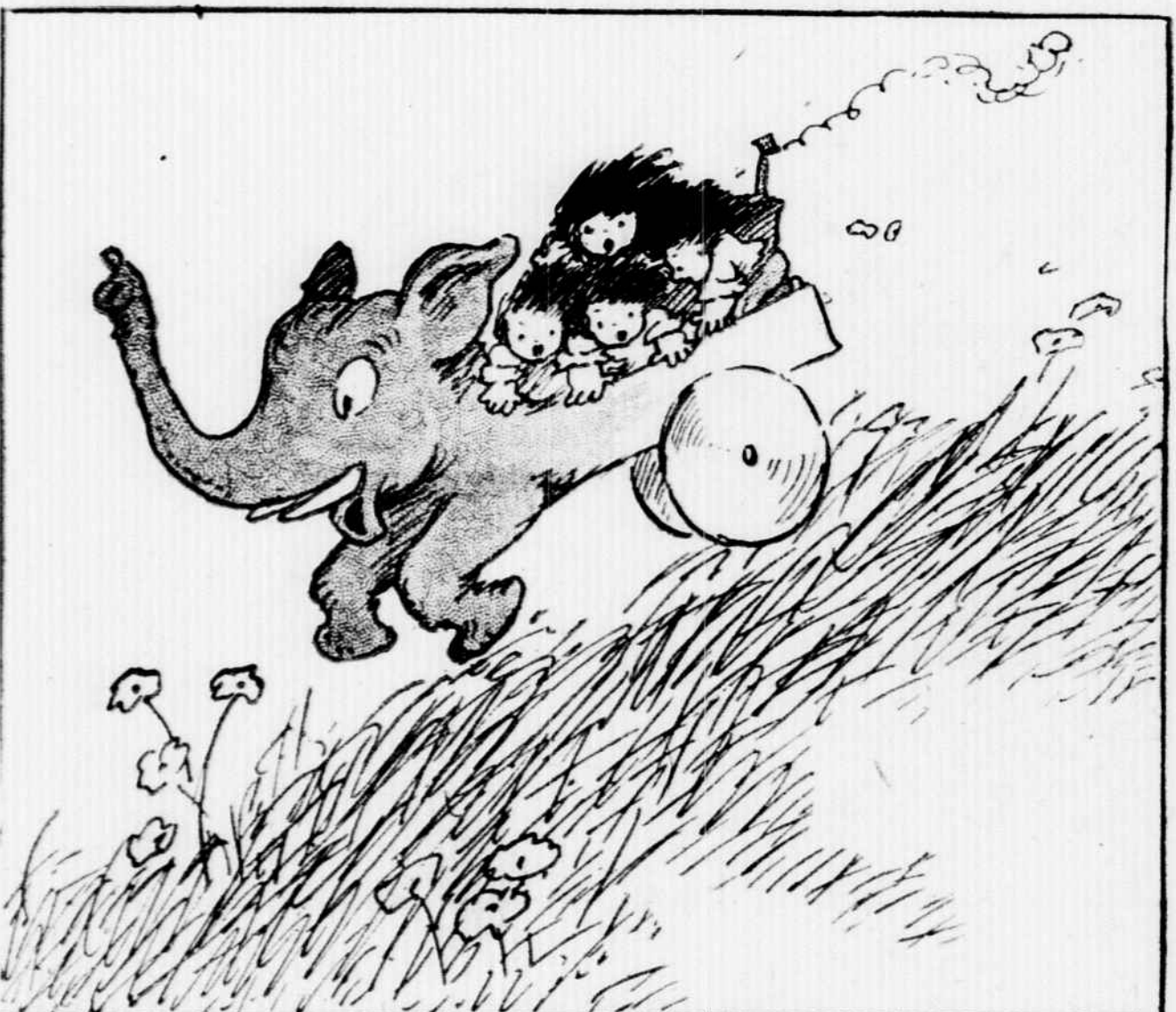
1—What is the matter with this thing, this I. O. Unicorn?
He's always running after folks, to poke them with his horn!



2—I guess it is the Tiny Tads that he is after now.
Of course they will escape some way, but I don't yet see how.



3—Oh, here's a G. O. Peanut-cart, he'll offer them a ride.
He doesn't know they'll eat his nuts if once they get inside.



4—It's just as I was telling you; the G. O. Peanut-cart,
With all the Tiny Tads on board, has made a flying start.



5—But what is this he sees that makes him more excited yet?
Oh, just a Charlotte-Roosevelt and his little Bull Moose pet!



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Verbeck

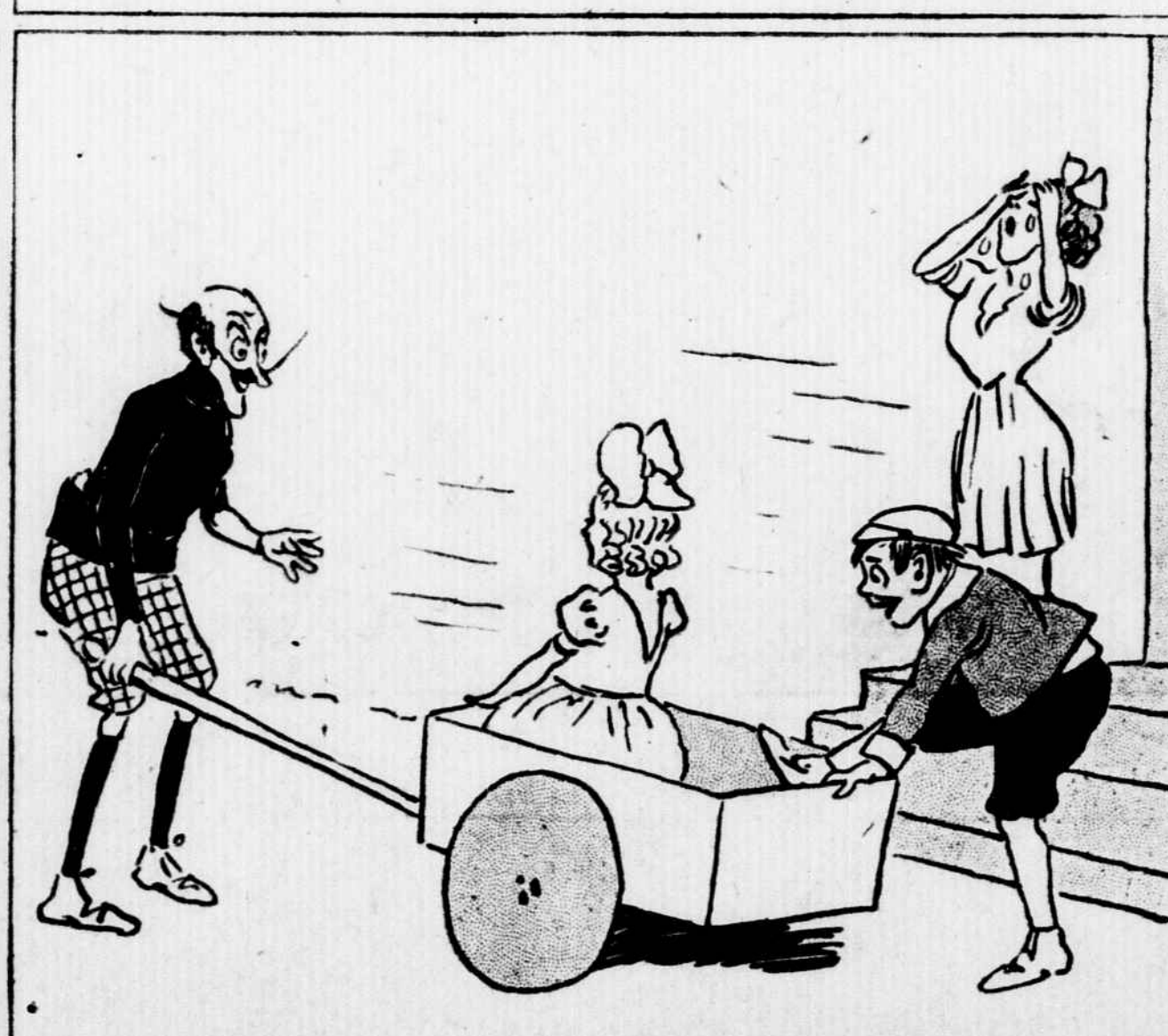
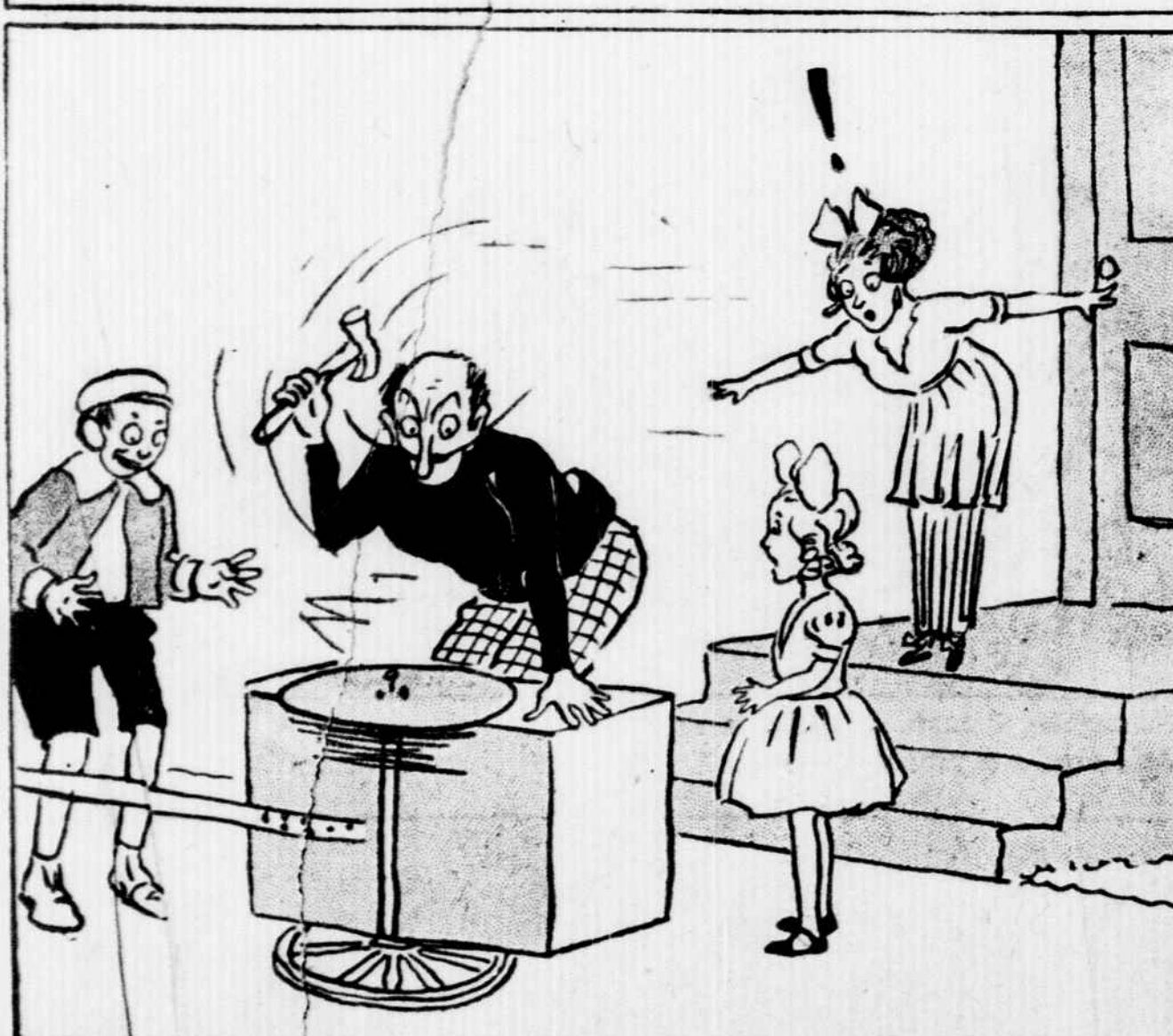
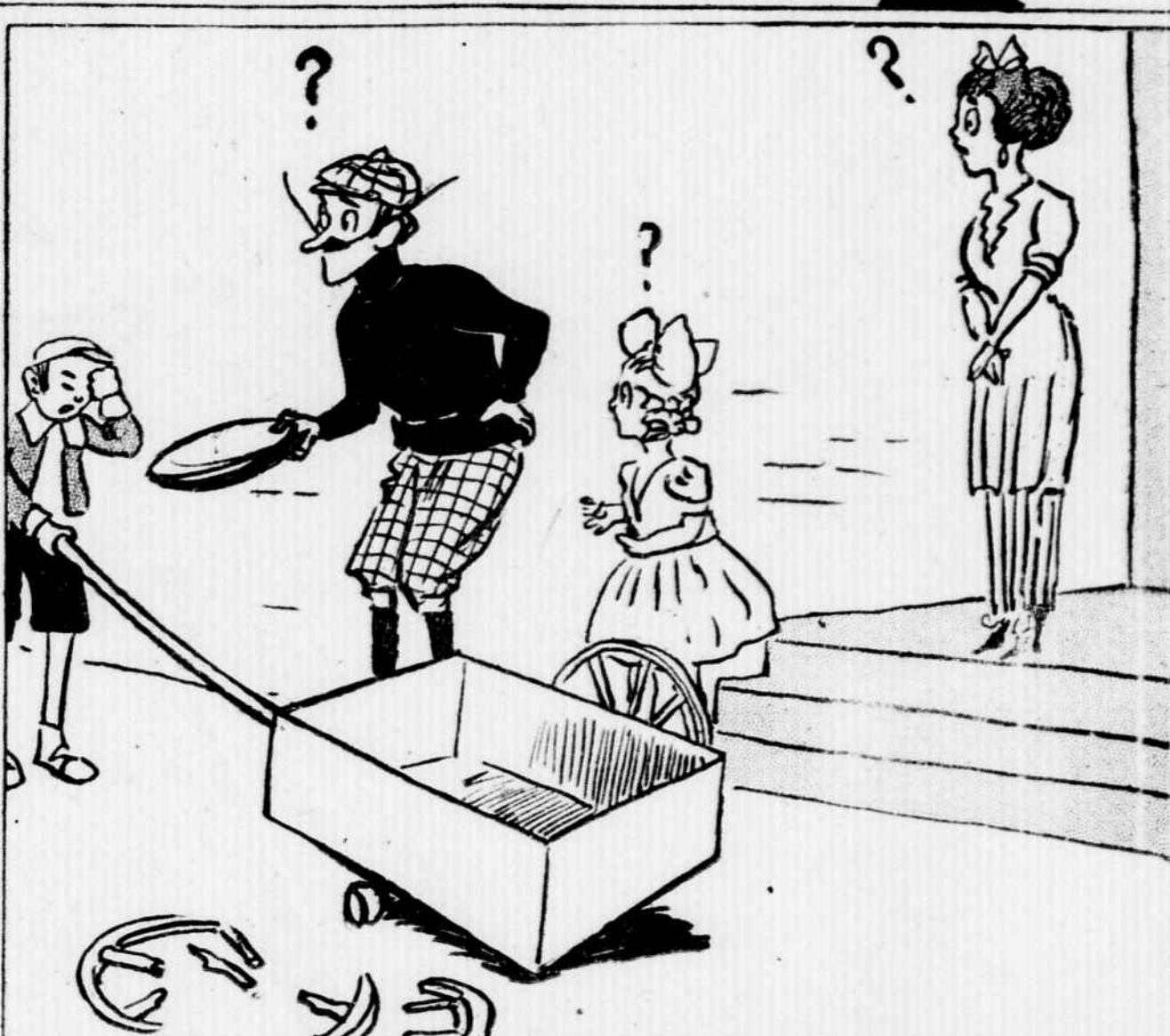
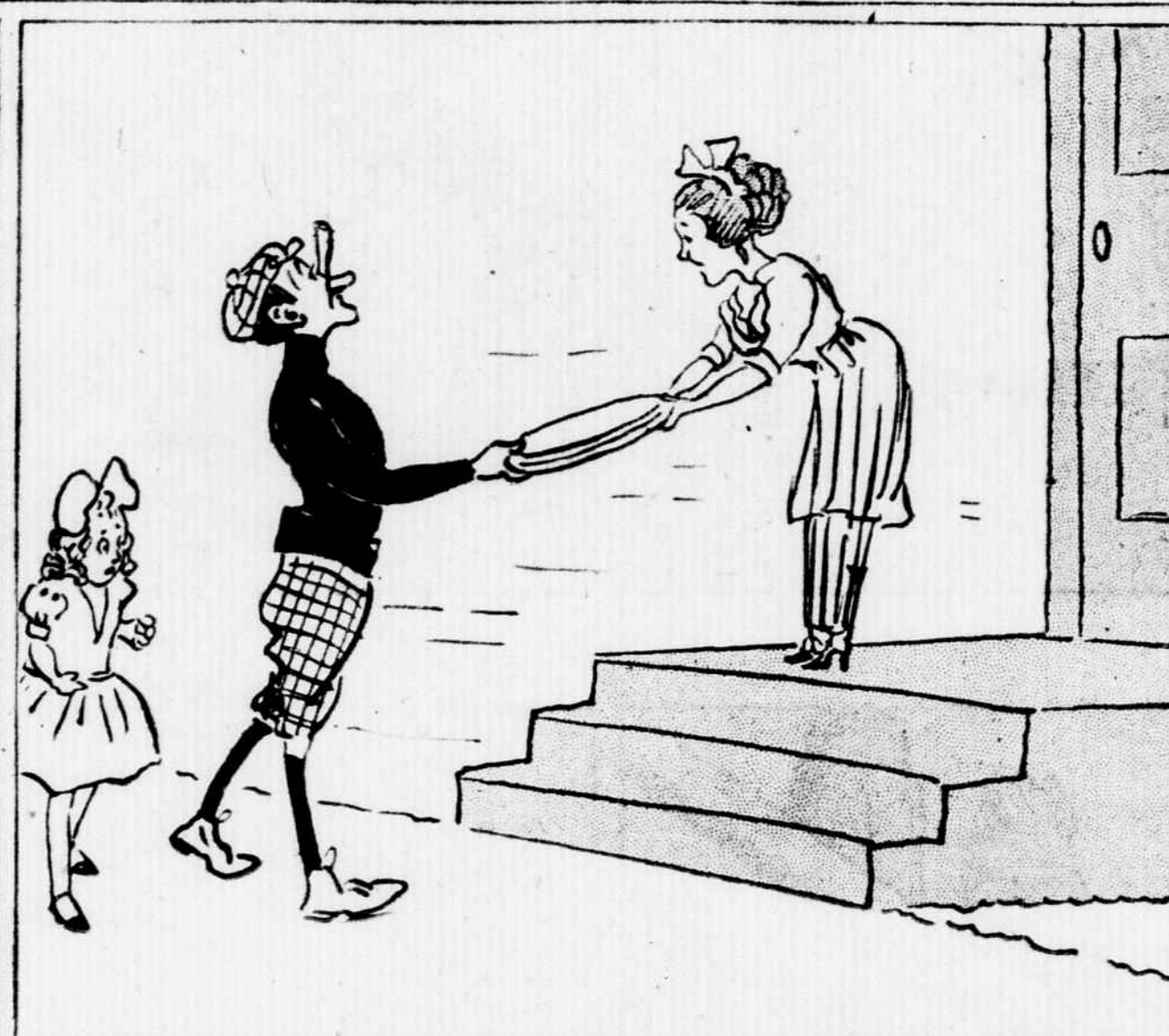
6—And now the Tads are talking of the doings of the day.
"Our friend was G. O. Peevish when we took his nuts," they say.

UNCLE MUN



POOR MAN! HIS WIFE IS
TRYING TO MAKE HIM
EAT THOSE PANCAKES!

GR-R-©



NOW WHAT DO YOU THINK
OF YOUR UNCLE MUN?
THOSE PANCAKES MAKE
DANDY CART WHEELS!

BANG!

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